Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VII. HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., NOVEMBER 17, 1885. NUMBER 92

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, strictly cash in advance $2,00

One copy, six months $1,00

No subscriptions taken on time and all papers stopped when out.

One copy free to any one sending us five early cash subscribers.

BUSINESS CARDS.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

MY JOLLY PONY.

Did you ever see in your life such a fine
Old fellow as this jolly pony of mine?
(Get up, Master Neddy, ho! ho!)
Now see how he dances and prances away
As hard as he can, till I'm ready to say:
"Whoa, whoa, Master Neddy! Whoa! Whoa!"

He'll trot or he'll canter, or gallop or pace,
I'd walk if I told him, or dash in a race
And beat everything on the way.
And then he will stand, if I want him to wait,
Without being tied, at the door or the gate,
As quiet, the whole of the day.

He never gives trouble, nor wants any care.
No one ever feeds him nor curries his hair
Or makes him a bed when 'tis night
He never is skittish, nor balky—nor kicks,
Nor has a bad temper, nor any sly tricks,
But acts as a gentleman might.

There's only one thing I can tell you beside,
He's never a pony except when I ride;
But stands, till I want him again
Without ever moving, all day on the floor
Right there in the corner behind the hall door—
And then he is Grandpa's cane.

—*Sidney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE FIRE-ALARM.

How the Kitchen-Clock Happened to Get Cleaned.

Up in grandma's attic, one bright, sunny day, Lulu and Hetty were playing with their dolls.

It was such a charming place to play, with no end of old spinning-wheels, that the girls called their harps, and a big loom that they called their pipe-organ, and chests full of funny old dresses, that grandma allowed them to dress up in to their hearts' content and bandboxes with the queerest old bonnets.

Each kept house in one end of the attic, and then visited each other back and forth, and they always felt sure that before tea-time Mittie, grandma's help, would come toiling up the steep stairs with a tray full of goodies for a tea-party.

Lulu was sitting in an old, old rocking-chair, singing to sleep her youngest doll, Bonnibel, for Bonnibel had scarlet fever, with a touch of whooping-cough, and was very "worrisome."

As Lulu rocked far back in the old chair, softly singing "Daisy Dale," she chanced to glance up among the brown rafters, and her eye caught sight of a thin place in a shingle, where the sun shone through, making a spot as red as blood.

"Hetty Warren," she said slowly and with emphasis, "this house is a-fire!"

"Where? where?" cried Hetty, rushing along from her end of the attic, leaving a trail of doll's dresses and clothing generally in her wake.

"Up there!" gasped Lulu, pointing with one trembling finger at the red spot.

Hetty looked up and saw; then turning, she tied down stairs as swift as a bird, while Lulu came, panting and breathless, after her.

Into the sitting-room burst Hetty, surprising grandma, as she sat there sewing with the little girls' two mothers, by the startling announcement: "The house is afire! the house is afire!"

"Where? Where is it?" they all cried at once, jumping up.

"Run out into the street and holler 'Fire!' Mittie," said grandma.

"Tell somebody to ring the fire-bell, Hetty," said her mother, seizing a pail of water and hurrying up-stairs.

Lulu's mother was one of the kind who faint easily, so she dropped into a chair and groaned, and fanned herself with a newspaper, looking all the while as white as a ghost, and Lulu clung tight to her apron.

Grandma took a China cup down off the bracket, and, rushing out into the back-yard, set it down under a big apple-tree, then hurrying in, went to taking down the kitchen clock.

Mittie ran into the middle of the street and stood there trying to scream "Fire!" but though she opened her mouth wide, the "Fire!" only came in a loud, hoarse whisper.

Hetty went tearing along the side-walk, looking for some one to ring the fire-bell. The first man she met was old Judge Brown.

"O Mr. Brown!" gasped Hetty, "won't you go and ring the fire-bell?"

"What's a-fire?" asked the Judge.

"Grandma's house is a-fire, and grandma's away, and I don't know what we shall do!"

Judge Brown stared hard at the house with no traces of smoke about it, and looked puzzled.

"Where is it a-fire?"

"Up in the roof—it's all live coals—red as blood."

"I'll run along where I can see the other side of the roof," said Judge Brown, and along he ran as fast as his age and flesh would allow, with Hetty still ahead. He ran clear around the house, watching the roof, but no sign or smell of fire could be discovered.

"Must be inside," he said and went in at the front door, and there was Hetty's mother coming down-stairs laughing, with the pail of water in her hand. She explained to the Judge how the little girls at play in the attic had seen a red spot in the roof, and thought it was fire.

"Come in, Mittie!" she called to the girl, who was now leaning against the fence, all in a tremble. "There's no fire, after all."

"Well," said grandma, when they brought the good news into the kitchen. "I've got this clock about taken down, so I'll finish the job, and send it off to be cleaned. It hasn't run for a year."

And that was how the kitchen-clock happened to get cleaned.—*Youth's Companion.*

A PLEASANT WALK.

Miss Sophia and Little Letty's Adventure in the Fields.

"Where are you going, Miss Sophia?" asked Letty, leaning over the gate.

"I am going to walk," answered Miss Sophia. "Would you like to come with me, Letty?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Letty. "I should like to go very much, indeed! Only wait, please, while I get my bonnet!" And Letty danced into the house and danced out again with her brown poke bonnet over her sunny hair. "Here I am, Miss Sophia!" she cried. "Now, where shall we go?"

"Down the lane," said Miss Sophia, "and through the orchard into the fields. Perhaps we may find some wild strawberries!"

So away they went, the young lady walking demurely along, while the little girl frolicked and skipped about, now in front, now behind. It was pretty in the green lane; the ferns were so soft and plumy, and the moss so firm and springy under their feet. The trees bent down and talked to the ferns, and told them stories about the birds that were building in their branches; and the ferns had stories, too, about the black velvet mole who lived under their roots, and who had a star on the end of his nose.

But Letty and Miss Sophia did not hear all this: they only heard a soft whispering, and never thought what it meant.

Presently they came out of the lane, and passed through the orchard, and then came out into the broad, sunny meadow.

"Now, Letty," said Miss Sophia, "use your bright eyes and see if you can find any strawberries. I shall sit under a tree and rest a little."

Away danced Letty, and soon she was peeping and peering under every leaf and grass-blade; but no gleam of scarlet, no pretty clusters of red and white could she see. Evidently it was not a strawberry meadow. She came back to the tree and said:

"There are no strawberries at all, Miss Sophia, not even *one*. But I have found something else; wouldn't you like to see it?—something very pretty."

"What is it, dear?" asked Miss Sophia. "A flower? I should like to see it, certainly."

"No, it isn't a flower," said Letty, "it's a cow."

"WHAT?" cried Miss Sophia, springing to her feet.

"A cow!" said Letty. "A pretty spotted cow. She's coming after me, I think."

Miss Sophia looked in the direction in which Letty pointed, and there, to be sure, was a cow, moving slowly toward them. She gave a shriek of terror; then, controlling herself, she threw her arms around Letty.

"Be calm, my child!" she said; "I will save you! Be calm!"

"Why, what is the matter, Miss Sophia?" cried Letty, in alarm.

Miss Sophia's face was very pale, and she trembled; but she seized Letty's arm and bade her walk as fast as she could.

"If we should run," she said, in a quivering voice, "it would run after us, and then we could not possibly escape. Walk fast, my child! Don't scream! Try to keep calm!"

"Why, Miss Sophia!" cried the astonished child. "You don't think I'm afraid of that cow, do you? Why, it's"——

"Hush! hush!" whispered Miss Sophia, dragging her along. "You will only enrage the cow by speaking loud. I will save you, dear, if I can! See, we are getting near the fence. Can't you walk a little faster?"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said the cow, which was now following them at a quicker pace.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Sophia, "I shall faint! I know I shall! Letty don't faint, too, dear! Let *one* of us escape. Courage, child! Be calm! Oh, there is the fence. Run, now—run for your life!"

The next minute they both were over the fence. Letty stood panting, with eyes and mouth wide open; but Miss Sophia clasped her in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Safe!" she sobbed. "My dear, brave child! we are safe!"

"Yes I suppose we are safe," said the bewildered Letty. "But what was the matter? It was Uncle George's cow, and she was coming home to be milked!"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said Uncle George's cow, looking over the fence.—*St. Nicholas.*

FEMININE FOLLIES.

Wherein English and American Women Differ in Extravagant Ideas of Dress.

There is one crying sin, however, of which the English women of this generation are more guilty than their American sisters, and that is the sin of tight lacing. The waists of the majority are absurdly drawn in, the more absurdly because it destroys the roundness and perfection of the English figure. The elderly Engliswoman runs to flesh; so does the elderly American; and in time each of them learns to accept the fact, and sinks down into comfortable age with its attendant inches and avoirdupois. But the natural size of a waist to accompany a thirty-six or thirty-eight-inch bust measure would be twenty-three or twenty-four inches, and when it is reduced by compression to from eighteen to twenty inches this is an actual loss of beauty of form as well as detrimental to the health. Doubtless there are some foolish girls and women in America who crowd their breathing apparatus into smaller space than nature intended; but, the average size of the American waist being less, there is perhaps less temptation to reduce it, and the general appearance of women in any large American city shows that the natural standard is more nearly preserved than in London at the present time. On the other hand, we sin more in the matter of bustles and tournures. Such a shelf of projecting bracket at the back of the skirt as may be seen any day and any minute of any day upon Broadway is not visible in any part of London. The extension of the dress is confined to ruffles and two or three steels at the back or to a pair of steels and a pad of small "mattress" fastened on the tailor-made (cloth) gowns to the skirt itself. Women of fashion have quite discontinued the use of the removable excrescence called the bustle nor could one be worn with the close side draperies which are so much used and which so perfectly outline the form.—*London Cor. Minneapolis Press.*

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Why It Is Improbable That Man Should Be Able to Fly.

Painters who represent angels floating in the air with small wings may make a charming picture, but it is sadly unscientific. To carry the body of even a small woman, weighing, say, one hundred pounds, would require a machine at least four horse-power, as one horse-power would be required to move twenty-five pounds. This would call for wings, supposing we had the machine to work them, of enormous size. The birds found far out at sea, known as Mother Carey's chickens, seem to be large, but when killed, and the body stripped of feathers, it is not much bigger than a canary bird. And so of all birds capable of extended flight. Man's strength, it is estimated, would have to be increased some thirtyfold before he could fly, and then he would be forced to confine himself to dead calm weather. Currents of air have often a velocity of twenty miles per hour, a fact which shows how mighty must be the power man must command before he can launch himself upon the air and compete with even the slowest birds; yet it seems to be settled by scientists that air navigation must be by means of flight—that gas can never solve the problem. There must be an extremely powerful motor, and some apparatus that will do the same service for man that feathers and wings do for birds.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—All the relatives of ex-Vice-President Wheeler have died in the last ten years.—*Troy Times.*

—The Indians have given General Sheridan the name of "The-chunky-man-who-means-business."

—Emperor William, of Germany, always has a chapter from the Bible read to him immediately after dinner.

—The majority of literary people now spell the name of the great dramatist, Shakespeare, and the minority are divided up on several different spellings of it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Monroe was the only one of the Presidents or ex-Presidents who was buried in New York City, and his remains were removed thence to Richmond before the war.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Mrs. M. J. Pitman (Margery Deane) is a direct descendant in the fourth generation of that Captain Isaac Davis who led the Concord fight and was the first officer killed in the war of the revolution.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—R. J. Burdette consented to lecture in Cape May recently, but objected to the place selected for the lecture—a hotel dining-room. He says: "I won't lecture in a dining-room; the next engagement would bring me into the kitchen."

—Edward Judson (Ned Buntline) has written between three and four hundred serial stories, and once wrote a six hundred and ten page book in sixty-two hours. He is now sixty-three years old, and lives on his fine stock farm on the Upper Delaware.

—Benjamin Bushurst William Henry Jeremiah Andrew Jackson Simon Peter George Washington Johnson, Esq., lives in Lexington County, S. C., but has to pay taxes on his name in three other counties through which it runs.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

—A violent hater of tobacco is Dr. Hitchcock, the professor of athletics at Amherst College. He attributes to its immoderate use, especially by immature young men, all sorts of physical and mental ailments, and predicts that a quarter of a century more of excess will produce a generation of weaklings.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The late Dr. Samuel Irenæus Prime was for a long time editor of the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harper's Magazine.* When he took the "Drawer" in charge he had been editing the *Observer* thirteen years without saving a cent. For his services in conducting the "Drawer" he received one hundred dollars a month. This he religiously laid away in bank, and at the end of five years had six thousand dollars cash. With this he made his first payment toward his shares in the New York *Observer*, which afterward brought him wealth.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Colonel Hoe, the inventor of the celebrated Hoe printing-presses, although seventy-five years of age, attends daily to the business affairs of his great establishment in New York. He is of a jovial disposition, and walks through the workshops whistling the latest operatic airs and chatting pleasantly to his employes, many of whom have spent the best years of their lives in his service. He is a very liberal employer, the pay-roll of his immense establishment amounting in the busy season to over twenty thousand dollars a week.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HUMOROUS.

—Mackerel are so plentiful and cheap that the fishermen don't care whether the school keeps or not.—*Lowell Courier.*

—It is said of the Chicago girl that when she faints away she throws a third of herself upon the ground. The other two-thirds are already there.—*Boston Budget.*

—What sort of a flag does a man unfurl when he waives an examination? asks the Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph.* We should say a flag of distress.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—When a civilized man tells his best girl that she looks nice enough to eat, she feels flattered. When a Fiji Islander says the same to his sweetheart, she takes to the woods.—*Boston Post.*

—"What do you think of my mustache? asked a young man of his girl. "Oh, it reminds me of a Western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Marriage in High Life.—Judge: "John Henry, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" Bride: "So you ask him if he takes me to be his wife? I guess you had better ask me if I take him. He is only an editor, and I've got forty-seven dollars laid up."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"To clean the teeth use a mixture of emery and sweet oil, following it with plenty of kerosene." This would seem to be queer advice; but as it is taken from a machinists' magazine, and from a chapter relating to circular saws, we have no doubt it is given in good faith.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Musical Amateur (to Irish fiddler)—"My good friend, do you play by note?" Irish Fiddler—"Divil a note, sor." M. A.—"Do you play by ear, then?" I. F.—"Divil an ear, your honor." M. A.—"How do you play, then?" I. F.—"By main stringth, be jabbers! and it's moighty dry wor-r-k!"—*Judy.*

—"Look here! I wish you would explain how this got into one of your cigars," said a man, rushing into a Fifth avenue tobacco store and holding up a little strip of calico. The manufacturer eyed it with disgust and exclaimed: "It's those new girls again. They don't seem to know the difference between a Mother Hubbard and a Connecticut wrapper!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—"Fanny, you should not beat your doll with that heavy stick. You will make all the saw-dust come out of it," said a Texas mother to her little girl, who had placed her doll on the ground, and was belaboring it with a base-ball bat. "I don't care if all the sawdust does come out of her," replied Fanny; "I don't want people to say that my children turned out bad because I humored them too much."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Puzzled Subscriber.

The subscriber of a contemporary walked into the office one day recently and said to the clerk: "I see a lot of puffs about your paper in to-day's issue taken from country exchanges." "Yes," said the clerk. "They are spontaneous outbursts of enthusiasm and go to even up an exchange with those fellers." "Well, I don't know anything about that, but to read these notices makes one think that sometimes you get something good in your paper and I just called in to say I wish you'd send me the same edition you send those fellers, for, as it is, I'm getting left."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Warm borax will remove dandruff.—*Exchange.*

—Brown Bread: Two cups corn meal, one cup graham meal, one cup rye, two cups sour milk, one of sweet, one cup molasses, three small teaspoons soda.—*The Household.*

—A ring of salt at a little distance from a choice plant forms a barrier which "a slug can no more cross than a man could swim through an ocean of fire."—*Christian at Work.*

—Plants and beds of vegetables hould always be watered in the evening, after sunset, in preference to any other time of the day; but especially should watering plants in the heat of the day be avoided.—*Troy Times.*

—Successful strawberry culture demands a thorough cleaning of the beds after bearing, and careful cultivation during the remainder of the summer if more than one crop is to be taken from the same planting.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—When your collars and cuffs come from the laundry as hard and stiff as a board don't break your studs and cuff-buttons in trying to put them on, but just dip your fingers in water and touch it to the button-holes and see how easy they go in.—*Detroit Post.*

—When frosty nights approach we often have one or two cold nights and then a week or two of warm pleasant weather; if squash vines bearing squashes that are almost matured, can be protected through the first frosts, they will mature their fruit in the sunny days that follow.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

—Gardens have generally an excess of coarse barn-yard manure and a deficiency of potash and phosphates. Many garden plants, especially turnips and cabbages, will be greatly helped in such gardens by substituting an application of phosphate for the usual spring dressing of stable manure.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—With a well cared for quince tree there is no "off year." Its golden fruit is as certain to ripen as its season is to return. But a well cared for tree is not a mass of bushes, and its roots have been protected from the extremes of heat and cold by mulching. Owing to the tenderness of its roots, there is only a limited area in which quinces can be profitably grown. In places where extreme cold prevails in winter, with little snow, it does not pay to plant the quince.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Veal chops prepared in this way are excellent: Cut the chops from the leg in pieces about four inches long, half an inch thick and three inches wide. Dip them into beaten egg; roll in zwieback crumbs (bread dried in the oven and finely grated or beaten in a mortar) and fry a delicate brown in water or nice drippings. When done, sprinkle a few drops of lemon-juice and place a few capers on each; garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley and serve hot.—*Boston Globe.*

DISEASED COWS.

Milk From Them Not Proper to Be Used in any Form.

A correspondent asks us if it is safe to use the milk from a cow that has a cough and appears to be in consumption. If she has consumption of the lungs, her milk is disagreeable in flavor and odor. That answers our correspondent's question. But it suggests the question: how for is it safe to use the milk of a cow that is sick? To say the least such use would be dangerous. It is possible that milk of this character may not make a person using it sick; and yet it may do an injury that may lead to serious results though they may not be traceable to their cause. Nothing that is impure should go into the stomach. Milk from a sick cow is impure. In fact the milk is the first thing to feel the effects of the sickness. The sickness may be of a very mild character, just a little fever perhaps. But the milk is affected. It is possible that adults may use such milk and not suffer perceptibly from doing so. But if an infant be fed upon it, it may die. Thousands of children die every year whose deaths may be traced to just such a cause as this. Sometimes it appears to be the notion of some people that a cow's milk is wholly independent of the cow herself. The idea appears to be that the milk is some kind of a foreign formation. When we all get the practical idea that the milk is made by the cow, in her system, and is a part of herself, we will be able to see that what affects the cow will affect the milk. As a matter of fact the cow can not be out of health even in small degrees without the milk being unhealthy, and that fact ought to be recognized more fully than it is. There is no telling what damage disease germs in milk may produce in the human system.

So far as consumption is concerned, it has been affirmed that it may be conveyed to a human being through milk that has come from a consumptive cow. We are not prepared to say how true that may be, but whether true or not we can not take disease germs into our systems with impunity. Avarice may lead the milk seller to sell diseased milk, and he should be heavily punished for so doing. But we who keep cows to furnish milk for home consumption have not the excuse even of avarice to offer for running the risk of using such milk; at least avarice does not play such a conspicuous part as it does with the milk dealer. Farmers ought to have the best food in the world, and certainly ought not to consume any article of food that is raised upon the farm, about which the least suspicion of impurity may cling. We ought to treat ourselves well anyhow, remembering that good health is the best possession that we can have, and that we can retain it only by eating good food and otherwise living properly.—*Western Rural.*

The Science of Feeding.

The science of feeding is one of the most important studies for every person who is engaged in rearing live stock, from poultry up to horses and cattle. No other branch of agricultural industry is more neglected than this, and in no other is there more loss resulting from mistakes. It is not for want of abundant means for learning all about it. We have several good manuals upon the subject. Prof. Ormsby and Prof. E. W. Stewart in their excellent works have gathered a great fund of all the most valuable scientific and practical knowledge extant upon this part of the farmers and breeders' business. Agricultural writers who have a practical experience are constantly referring to this matter, and do so knowing from their own daily work how highly important it is to know how to feed, both to avoid waste of food and injury to the stock. We can not refrain from urging farmers to give their best attention to this most interesting part of their business.—*N. Y. Times.*